

I DREAM OF THE DEVIL

written by

D

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OVER BLACK:

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

A local woman has died at the scene of a hit and run incident, tonight. The suspect, a male in his thirties, was later found dead from an alleged drug overdose.

FADE IN:

INT. DANTE'S DINER - NIGHT

A large space with booths by the windows. The walls are thick with grime and grease. Fluorescent ceiling lights flicker .

JIMMY (30s), rail thin with deep bags under both eyes, stands at the entrance, searches for someone.

An OLD MAN (60s) with a long grey beard slumps in a booth close by, a syringe hangs out of his arm.

A COOK (40s) wearing a filthy apron, stands behind the counter. He takes a drag from a crack pipe, coughs as he exhales and slides down the wall behind him.

At the back of the room, a man (40s) stands up from his booth and waves at Jimmy. This is D. Tall, strong jaw, wears an expensive suit.

Jimmy notices D, takes a deep breath, exhales and walks toward him.

He sits at the table, faces D.

D stares at him, a wide grin on his face.

D

So, how are you?

Jimmy scratches his arm, raw red scratch marks already etched on his skin.

JIMMY

Y'know.

D

Tell me.

Jimmy looks away, anywhere, not to make eye contact.

D

Tell me about these dreams.

Jimmy turns to D, beams into his eyes, his face twitches.

JIMMY

It's always the same. I'm sure you
know it by now.

They stare at each other intensely until D nods. Jimmy gulps.

JIMMY

I'm driving. He makes me. That song
is playing, but it's different. The
rain is pouring down, just like it
was that night. I jam on the brakes
when I see her. But--

Jimmy stops, swallows.

D reaches over the table, lays a comforting hand on top of
Jimmy's. Jimmy snaps his hand away.

JIMMY

But it's not her. It's the daughter
on the road. The mother screams,
but I keep driving. I have to. I'm
speeding. Then I stop.

The lights cut out, the room in complete darkness.

D

Continue.

JIMMY

He whispers something in my ear.
That horrible bastard knows. Then I
get out of the car and I see it.
I'm scared. It terrifies me.

A few seconds of silence.

JIMMY

Then I wake up.

The lights flicker on.

D still stares with a grin.

Jimmy glares back, his face mixed with fear and anger.

D
That's why you're here, Jimmy. A
little girl lost her mother. The
drugs, the lives you've ruined.

D stands, towers over Jimmy.

D
They've brought you here.

He places a set of car keys on the table.

D
You drive.

Jimmy watches as D walks to the exit and leaves.

EXT. DANTE'S DINER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Rain empties from the heavens.

Jimmy stands at the entrance to the diner, looks over to the lone car parked. An old, red Mustang.

D stands beside the car, waves Jimmy over.

Jimmy walks slowly to the car, opens it and they both get in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy looks across to D, now just a silhouette, covered in shadow as he looks ahead.

Tears fill Jimmy's eyes.

JIMMY
Again?

D nods.

Jimmy's hand shakes as puts the key in the ignition and starts the engine.

EXT. DANTE'S DINER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang pulls out of the space, exits onto the road.

INT. CAR - LATER

Jimmy's hands grip the wheel as rain bashes the windscreen.

D sits in darkness, impossible to make out a face, his hands rest on his lap.

Jimmy looks at D's hands. Long, dirty yellow fingernails tap at his leg.

Jimmy looks to D's face. Amidst the shadow, a decaying smile glares back.

Jimmy snaps his glare back to the road ahead of him.

He glances at the rear-view mirror, nothing to see but the cracked, red leather seats.

Jimmy fixes his gaze back to the road.

JIMMY

Can I stop?

Nothing.

JIMMY

Please.

D doesn't flinch.

Jimmy beats the steering wheel repeatedly.

JIMMY

Why are you doing this?

Again, nothing from D.

Jimmy spits at him.

JIMMY

You sick, twisted bastard.

D stares ahead.

Jimmy wipes tears from his eyes.

D begins to hum a slow rendition of "Paint It Black".

Fear spreads across Jimmy's face.

JIMMY

Please, no.

D continues to hum.

Jimmy looks into the rear-view.

Sitting in the back, a woman (late 20s). Pale skin, dark rings surround her eyes. Clotted blood dampens her hair. Her head is only visible, as the rest of her body is in a body-bag. This is THE MOTHER. She stares back at Jimmy.

Jimmy closes his eyes for a few seconds.

D's hums grow louder.

Jimmy's eyes open. Through the windshield he sees THE GIRL (4), dressed in pajamas, standing in the middle of the road, drenched from the rain.

Jimmy jams on the brake, the car screeches to a halt just in front of The Girl.

D's humming stops.

The Girl walks toward the car, holds her hands out.

The sound of sobs intensifies from the back of the car.

Through the rear-view, Jimmy sees The Woman's arms stretching out of the body-bag to the direction of The Girl.

The Woman lunges in between Jimmy and D, reaches for The Girl. The Woman releases gut wrenching screams as she paws at the windshield.

Jimmy sits, frozen.

The Girl stands at the car, reaches for The Woman. As she stretches further, The Girl disappears.

The Woman lunges at Jimmy. Her hands wrap around his throat, dirty fingernails dig into his skin. She grips tighter and tighter. Jimmy struggles to catch a breath.

Impulsively, Jimmy hits the accelerator. He closes his eyes as he speeds ahead.

The Woman is thrown into to the backseat, the body-bag encompasses her and zips up to her chin.

Jimmy opens his eyes, looks into the rear-view. The Woman glares back, eyes full of anger and pain.

The body-bag zips over her head and flops over on the backseat.

Jimmy pulls over and brings the car to a stop. He releases his grip of the steering wheel.

He buries his face into his hands.

JIMMY
Please, make it stop.

Slowly, D's smiling face emerges from the shadow. He whispers into Jimmy's ear.

Jimmy remains head in hands.

EXT. DANTE'S DINER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The Mustang sits in a parking space.

Jimmy steps out of the car.

With a face full of dread, he looks to the diner's entrance.

A red neon sign blinks back, "Dante's Diner".

A single tear rolls down his cheek.

Reluctantly, he puts one foot in front of the other and heads for the entrance.

INT. DANTE'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy stands at the entrance, searches the room.

The old, bearded man remains slumped over in a booth, syringe hangs from his arm.

The cook pulls from a crack pipe, coughs as he exhales and slides down the wall behind him.

D stands from his booth, waves.

Jimmy notices D, takes a deep breath, exhales and walks toward him.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

D (V.O.)
Tell me about these dreams.